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## TALES.

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### THE STORY OF THE LUCKY DOCTOR.

BY T. J. H. OF BALTIMORE.

#### CHAPTER I.

It has been some years now, my dear readers, since the scenes which I shall depict for you occurred; but they are as fresh in my memory as things of yesterday. They are, in fact, the events of my life.

I was then a young man, not long emerged from minority. My parents' only legacy was a good education and a few hundred dollars—just sufficient to enable me to commence the practice of the profession I had chosen.

I soon ran out of friends. My expenses were certainly very limited, yet I had to live. My landlady sent in bill after bill for board, and as these increased in amount, so did good Mrs. Butler's face in length. She was, however, a kind creature, and made me, for the time, happy, after I had explained to her my situation, with her promise not to press the matter; but remarked also that I must change my quarters, as she could not afford to keep me without punctual payment thereafter. Of course I could not promise that, so off I went.

Here I ought to tell you that Mrs. Butler had a daughter Lucy. She was indeed a lovely creature. Just imagine for yourself—no, it will be only labor lost—so just call to mind the heroines of Scott and James, and of the rest who are celebrated for their charming women—select from all the one who pleases you best, and call her Lucy Butler. You will then come pretty near it; yet in my mind, in disposition, in form, and in feature she excelled them all. Her education had been thorough, while her intellect was constantly developing under the influence of judicious reading and study. In accomplishments she was not deficient. She danced like a sylph, sang like an angel and did worsted-work, and crochet-work, and cross-stitch like a—like a—. Well, no matter! she did it well anyhow; and her young friends always came to her for instruction in the complicated mysteries of these various needle-works.

"She was the only child of her mother, and she was a widow." Mr. Butler had died some years before in, as was supposed, affluent circumstances; but his estate, after paying the demands against it, produced but little for the widow; who, thus re-

duced, sought to maintain herself and child in respectability by keeping a boarding house.

I now procured a small and comfortable office in a neighboring street—a more public one—which I had occupied two days before I could decide on the wording of my sign: whether it should be "Doctor Lemuel Lawson," or "Lemuel Lawson, M. D." In this uncertainty I consulted a fellow graduate. He "considered it of no importance whatever," he said, but, as I looked a little vexed at his regarding it so slightly, he suggested, with a roguish twinkle in his eye, that the matter might be compromised by having it "Doctor Lemuel Lawson, M. D." I could not help laughing at this, which restored my good humor, and we soon settled the matter—wondering very much it was not thought of before—by giving orders to the painter for two—one with the "Doctor," and the other with "M. D."—to be finished at once in beautiful gold letters.

My office was neatly furnished, though containing nothing but necessities. A half-dozen chairs, two tables, on one of which always lay a case of instruments, somewhat disarranged, as though but lately used, and a basin and towel spotted here and there with red paint to represent blood, a shelf of books, another for medicines—my stock of which consisted of one large bottle of calomel and several smaller ones of less importance in the materia medica.

Here in my little sanctum would I sit; sometimes looking wistfully out of the window at the passers by, in hopes that some one of the many who appeared to be invalids would stop in and let me feel his pulse and prescribe for him. But they appeared to take no notice of my two new signs.—One day a man, with his face bound up, stopped and read the name over, apparently, two or three times. "Ah! ha! this is something at last," thought I—"toothache, no doubt;" and I commenced wrapping my extracting key with a silk handkerchief, after the most approved fashion, but another glance at the window dashed my hopes, for he was quietly wending his way down the street, and at last entered the office of a rival physician just below. Shame alone kept me from shedding tears. I put on my hat and started out in search of an accident, but couldn't come across one. Of course bricklayers were perfectly safe on crazy scaffolds; painters swung confidently by a fragile rope outside of fourth story windows, and people trod unhesitatingly on the rinds of oranges and apples, who would, at any other time, have

broken their necks or limbs. Not even a horse would run away to give me a chance for a patient.

All this time I boarded at Mrs. Butler's. My money was entirely exhausted, and my indebtedness for board increasing at a fearful rate. Every day I found myself calculating how many visits would be required to pay it off. But I had no one to visit. Still at meal times I was very happy, for my seat was next to Lucy. I was deep in love with her. Was I to blame? I am naturally very susceptible, and she would have compelled an anchorite to love her. I tried hard to keep this from her knowledge, and, I believe, with success.—When I addressed her it was with apparent indifference, though my very heart was bursting with my love for her. I had to close my eyes sometimes, fearing that their glances should play the tell-tale.

All this concealment was from a sense of the highest honor. I was very poor; so was she. My prospects were dark, and why should I endeavor to secure the affection of such a noble creature, when my poverty plainly told me that marriage was out of the question. No! it should not be done. Yet I could not leave her side.

Once or twice I fancied that she divined my feelings, and that they were not displeasing to her. Oh! what joy was in the thought. But reflection said to me, "So much the worse, young man.—Tear yourself away or misery will come of it."

It was at this time that the conversation before mentioned between Mrs. Butler and myself took place. I removed my trunk to the office, and that night slept upon chairs. When I rose and finished my toilet, it occurred to me that breakfast would be desirable. What was to be done? I had no money—not even a shilling to procure a meal.—I thought for some time. There was no other way than to pawn my books. While looking over them to see what could be spared with least inconvenience, a servant knocked and desired me to accompany him a few doors. I found a child had severely scalded itself at the table, and was lying in great agony. I immediately applied a palliative, which gave relief at once. When about to leave the house the grateful father placed in my hand a five dollar bill—an enormous fee to my eyes. I thanked him; and promising to call again, went to get my breakfast.

On my return to the office I found a note on the table, written, apparently, in great haste, requesting my presence at Mrs. Butler's as quickly as possible—an accident of a serious nature having hap-

pened to one of the family. I rushed at once to the house, torn by agonising fears that my dear Lucy was the sufferer. Several physicians' carriages were at the door, and, as I entered, one of the medical men (my old preceptor) met me. A glance showed that something dreadful had happened; but how was I shocked to hear that my kind friend, good old Mrs. Butler, was about expiring. She had fallen down a long flight of stairs an hour before, fracturing her skull dreadfully.

How shall I forget the shriek of agony with which my poor Lucy heard the announcement of her mother's death. For some time she appeared completely bewildered; but gradually recovering self-possession, she sent for me, and begged that I would make the necessary funeral arrangements.

Neighbors and friends flocked in to speak a word of sympathy; or to satisfy their curiosity in regard to all the circumstances of the accident. One who had been a schoolmate of Lucy's was among the number; and she, at my suggestion, persuaded Lucy to accompany her home until the final arrangements were completed.

This was an eventful day in my life—sunshine and storm. My first patient, my first fee, and the death of Lucy's mother.

#### CHAPTER II.

I must rapidly pass over some weeks. After the funeral Lucy found a comfortable boarding place, and, at her request, I attended to the settlement of her mother's affairs. Mrs. Butler had incurred debts, which when paid off, left but a small surplus. This I placed in Lucy's hand. The amount was very trifling, and she saw at once how necessary it was for her to procure some employment by which to earn a livelihood. We talked the matter over freely; and she astonished me by the calmness with which she discussed the several means for the attainment of that result. I have said that her musical education was good; this might be turned to account; or perhaps, a situation as governess could be had; an office for which she was well qualified. So it was decided that these talents should support her, if an opportunity offered for her to make use of them, and it was not long before one who had been a friend of her parents in former days, suggested that she should assume the responsibility of instructing his younger children. She accepted his proposition and at once became a member of his family.

I loved her now, if possible, more than ever.—The occurrences of the past month served to delineate more strongly the excellencies of her character, while the face, which grief had somewhat paled, seemed still more beautiful from the contrast with her mourning weeds. Yet I had striven to suppress every word or look which might give her an insight into the state of my heart. It would be next to madness to marry her now in my embarrassed circumstances, and as they might not improve for a long while, I deemed it dishonorable to engage her affections, when, by so doing, she might be prevented from forming a connexion which in a worldly point of view, would be more desirable, and, as I feared that passion would overmaster reason, I determined for the future to see her but seldom, and never alone, if I could help it.

It will be necessary now, my dear readers, to introduce to you a new character—one which you will soon see was of great importance in my life and to this little story. He was the owner of the

house in which I had my office. All that I knew of him was that he had the reputation of being very wealthy, a miser, and a hard landlord. He lived in a shabby looking old house close by, entirely alone, if we except a withered specimen of humanity who served as his house-keeper, and a small servant boy.

Six months' rent was due. He had never called on me, much to my wonder, and I began to think, with delight, that he had forgotten me, for I could not have paid him a cent. One day, however, he made his appearance.

"I came for two quarter's rent, Dr. Lawson," said he, without a word by way of preliminary.

"Ah! Mr. Brennan, is that you? Very happy to see you, indeed," said I, all in a tremble. "Did you bring a bill with you?"

"No," he answered, somewhat sharply, and with a sarcastic look. "I didn't think it worth while to waste the paper. I can write a receipt for the money here."

"To tell the truth, Mr. Brennan, I—that is—money is scarce—"

"Why don't you say, at once you haven't got it?" cried he. "I'll come again to-morrow;" and off he went without another word.

How I racked my brains all that day for expedients by which to raise fifty dollars. At one time I commenced putting up my books and instruments determined to carry them off at night, and preserve them from the levy, which, I fear certain, must be made; but I soon abandoned this plan, and finally concluded to throw myself on his generosity and beg for a longer indulgence.

I was now taking my meals at a restaurant and slept in my little office. Should I be ejected, what would become of me?

While this question presented itself constantly before my mind, I waited in no little trepidation my landlord's visit. But he came not. Several days elapsed, and still no Mr. Brennan.

My practice increased slowly. My first patient had mentioned me with commendation to some of his acquaintance, several of whom I was called to visit. Still few fees crossed my palm. The neighborhood was *dreadful healthy*.

One morning my landlord's small servant came to the door with a message from his master. He wanted to see me. For sometime I stood trying to screw up my courage for the dreaded meeting. Ah! how frequently have I seen a man of herculean strength tremble before the eye of his pigny creditor. At last I started and was at the house in a minute.

The old crone, his housekeeper, looked narrowly at me as I entered. Having told her my business, she said, "he is sick—are you the young doctor from over the way?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Go up stairs, then, and let me see you before you leave."

I ascended the wide staircase, and opening a door, entered the room where my landlord lay upon an old and rickety bedstead. He turned at the noise, and looking at me, said,

"You are here at last. Where is the money?"

"I am," I replied, "unable to pay my rent now."

I have come to ask you for indulgence for a few weeks. No doubt my practice will increase, and with it, my means. If not, I will sell my books and furniture, pay my debt to you, and seek in

some other place, the support I cannot find here."

"I believe you are honest," said he. "I am sick, and perhaps need a physician. What do you charge a visit?"

I named the customary fee.

"Too much, too much," cried he, "you have not far to come."

"If you see fit to employ me sir," said I, "I will serve you faithfully and to the best of my ability: but I cannot abate the charge which has been made the standard by all in the profession."

"No," exclaimed he "I shall agree to no such terms. You would perhaps keep me here long enough to pay your debt."

I colored deeply, for I must confess such an idea had crossed my mind during the conference. Perhaps he attributed my blush to indignation, for he immediately said, "Well, well, young man, no matter. I will make a bargain with you. Put me on my feet in a week and the debt is discharged."

To this I agreed, as I did not think him very ill.

"Now," said he, "come nearer." I did so.—"Did you see a woman as you came up?"

"Yes," I replied.

"She has lived with me thirty years, and, as I now believe, in the daily hope of my death. Some people say," continued he, "that I am rich. That is as it may be. But she shall not have one cent," cried he, becoming greatly excited. "I believe she puts poison in my food, else why should I thus waste away in my prime?" and he looked at me inquiringly. "Young man, you have studied the books; now tell me whether she could keep me dying here for months—poisoning me so slowly that the murder may never be discovered? But I won't die! I must live or my revenge will never be accomplished! No, no, it must not, shall not be?" and his features worked horribly in his strong agitation.

I began to think he was somewhat deranged, and attempted to soothe him; but he motioned me away and again exclaimed. "Tell me now truly, shall I live or die?" Give me medicines that I may be strong again, for my work is not yet accomplished! Tell me whether, I shall live!"

I spoke to him earnestly.—"My friend, if you desire to be restored to health, quiet is indispensable. Such mental agitation will, perhaps, be fatal. Strive to calm yourself, and I will prepare a composing draught, which will bring you sleep."

"Ah! yes," cried he, "let me sleep—I have not closed my eyes for many, many days, Doctor, I have been very sick; come back soon to me, for I cannot trust her."

I again urged the necessity of quiet, and left the room for the purpose of preparing the medicine I spoke of. As I reached the bottom of the stairs, the old woman came up and, clutching at my arm said quickly, "Doctor, will he die? Will he die?" and her eyes glared fearfully.

"No," said I promptly, "he will not die." I spoke thus, for I feared all was not right in that house.

"He must! He must!" cried she; "he is old and feeble, and has lived long enough."

"Woman, beware how you seek the life of another; 'Whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by



man shall his blood be shed." I said as solemnly and impressively as possible. She shrunk back like a convicted criminal, and, taking her hand from my arm, left me alone.

I walked briskly to my office, musing on the scene I had just left, and trying to penetrate the mystery in which things were involved, but to no purpose. After preparing the medicine I retraced my steps, and again entering the sick-chamber, the old man cried out, "Ah! I am glad you have come. I was afraid you would not return. Do not leave me again, I am afraid of her."

"I will remain by you," said I soothingly; and giving him the mixture, he was soon after to my great satisfaction, in a sound sleep.

When he awoke, apparently much refreshed, it was near night, and I prepared to take my leave.

"Doctor," said he earnestly, "come soon tomorrow." I promised that I would, and, bidding him good evening, departed. As before, the old woman met me at the bottom of the stairs and asked "How goes it with him now?" "Better, much better," I answered confidently. The housekeeper, without another word but with a heavy frown on her brow, turned away.

The next day I was again by the bedside of my patient. He appeared to be gaining strength, and I had hopes of soon being out of his debt. He too appeared to have somewhat the same thoughts, for once I heard him muttering something about losing six months' rent.

I ordered light food to be prepared, which, when ready, was brought into the room by the housekeeper. I took some up in a spoon as if to taste it, when she cried out "Why do you eat what was prepared for him, when that is gone how shall we, without money, get more?" "I will take care of that," said I, and lifting the spoon to my mouth tasted its contents. There was evidently something wrong about it.

"Did you put any thing in this but what I directed?" said I.

"No," she replied, turning away her eyes.

"Do not eat any of this," said I, after she had, at my bidding, left the room. "It is not yet time for you to take food." I did not wish to awaken his suspicions by stating mine, so I poured some of the preparation into a vial, and telling him to keep quiet until I should get back, left the house. I proceeded to my office, and very soon by chemical tests found to my horror and indignation that it contained a quantity of deadly poison. The old man's suspicions were correct.

I went immediately to a magistrate, stated the case to him, and in company with an officer entered the old house. The housekeeper was not to be seen below, but on going up we found her crouching at the door, listening with an expression of horrible satisfaction to the dreadful groans which proceeded from the sick man's room.

She started up at our approach, but the officer seized and carried her off to a place of confinement; while I was horror-stricken to find that in my absence the old man had eaten a considerable portion of the poisoned food, in forgetfulness or in disregard of my express direction, to satisfy the cravings of his appetite.

He appeared to be dying. I, however, administered the antidotes and remedial agents which the case required, and sat down to witness their effect. I also sent for several eminent physicians

in the neighborhood, who upon hearing the case, concurred with me in the treatment, but were unanimously of opinion that he could not long survive.

He, however, gained some little strength, and through the night gave indications of mental consciousness. The next day he could articulate a little. I hardly left his bedside. Feeling satisfied that his system was so entirely prostrated as not to admit of a hope of his restoration, I thought it my duty, as soon as the circumstances would permit it, to state candidly to him his condition, and warn him of his approaching end.

"Oh! God," cried he, in agonising tones, "spare me to work out the revenge which has for so many years had sole possession of my breast! But if that be denied me, yet I can hate, and curse curse, curse! Aye, with my dying breath will I call down on your guilty heads eternal malediction."

I was astonished at this terrible outburst of rage. Oh! how horrible is passion on the face of one who may at the instant stand in the presence of Omnipotence.

He had at the last word risen up in bed to a sitting position, but now falling heavily back, appeared to be sinking rapidly. I at once applied a restorative, and after a considerable time he became more calm; and, falling asleep, was soon unconscious of outward things.

On the next day he was weaker, and I felt it my duty again to approach the subject of yesterday. He heard me in silence, but with visible emotion. I spoke of the necessity of preparation for the coming great and awful change; he said "I am not ready, yet I know that it must be so. If I could live another year."

"You appear, said I, to have set your heart upon the accomplishment of some object. Cannot another do that which you so much desire?"

"No," cried he, with vehemence, "I would live for revenge! Who can prosecute that, save him in whom burns the remembrance of a grievous wrong?"

"Let the law work out the measure of your revenge. Justice will meet out to her the punishment her crime deserves?"

For a moment he gazed at me as though not comprehending my meaning, and then said, "Not her, not her, young man—she is but a poor miserable woman! No, no, I would fly at higher game."

We were silent for some time. I then said, Mr. Brennan you may not live twenty-four hours. You should make some preparation for eternity; and, that your mind may be free for thoughts of eternal things, you had better now make all arrangements for the disposition of your property, if you have not already done so, and the final settlement of your worldly affairs. Direct me where to find your relations."

At the last word he started from his pillow clenching his hand convulsively, as though about to strike some one, and with his face disfigured, as if by a violent spasm, he uttered the most horrible imprecations; calling down the vengeance of the Almighty on the head of one, whom I fancied (for his utterance, from excessive agitation, was indistinct) he called a brother.

Never before or since have I witnessed such a scene. Even after the lapse of years I shudder at the remembrance.

With difficulty I got him tolerably calm again, but for some hours he spoke not a word, though at times his lips would move, and his whole frame shake from some powerful emotion. Turning to me at last, he said—

"Get me a lawyer quickly? Do not delay a moment, or it may be too late?"

"Shall I not also bring with me a clergyman?" I asked.

"No—yes," he added after a moment. "Let me have an hour's conference first with an attorney."

Mr. W. the minister, was at home. I stated my errand and he promised to be there at the time appointed. Then entering the office of councillor K. I desired him to accompany me; and on the way explained the nature of the service for which he was summoned. Directing him in case of any change in my patient, to call me at once, I left him at the door at the sick man's room.

In a short time he again made his appearance, and, at his bidding I called some of the neighbors as witnesses to the dying man's testament. That ceremony being over, the lawyer with the papers in his hand left the house.

Mr. W. arrived soon after. He spoke to the unhappy creature before him feelingly and solemnly. With earnestness he portrayed the necessity of change of heart, and peace with God; and urged him to forgiveness of his enemies.

Up to this moment Mr. Brennan had listened with interest, but now he interrupted the speaker and cried, "Shall I not be saved if I die with hate in my heart?"

"No," said Mr. W. "it is strictly commanded by the word of God 'forgive your enemies.' Christ suffered greater wrong than did ever man, yet on the cross he prayed for his persecutors."

The good man's word seemed to produce some effect. He became truly eloquent, and I observed tears on the cheeks of the poor sinner before him.

"What you say has done me good; pray for me, and I will try to pray with you."

Kneeling at the bedside the minister offered up a heartfelt prayer for the conversion and forgiveness of the dying man, who, at its conclusion, pronounced with a firm voice "Amen."

He was evidently sinking fast. "Before I die," at last said he, "let me tell you my history." We drew near and he commenced speaking, though with some difficulty. Here is his narrative in a few words:

"I was born in the north of Ireland, near the sea. I had a brother"—here his countenance changed for a moment—"and a sister. Our parents were quite wealthy. They died when I was about fifteen years old, leaving their estate to be equally divided between the three children. My brother was some years older than myself, and had contracted intimacy with vicious companions, and habits of dissipation. As the oldest son he expected to inherit all the wealth of his father, and, in his disappointment, determined to get rid of me.—One night I was seized, carried to a boat, and conveyed to a ship near by, the captain of which was in his confidence and pay. All sail was soon set, and I was borne away from my native land, which alas! I shall never see again. We arrived at a sea-port in America after a long passage, during which I had been most cruelly treated by the master of the ship.

"Landed upon the shore, without money, I turned my attention to some means of earning a livelihood. My education had been good, and procuring a clerkship, I soon gained the confidence of my employers. It is unnecessary to say how rapidly I rose. Everything appeared to prosper with me, and I began to think of revenge on my inhuman brother. Through emigrants from the neighborhood, who did not know me however, I found that he was living a life of the greatest excess.—Through his ill-treatment I heard that my sister was compelled to seek refuge in the house of a poor neighbor, who was about to take passage for America, which she soon did bringing Mary also.

"Oh! how anxiously I looked for the arrival of that vessel; but in vain. Sometime afterward, the newspapers announced that she had foundered at sea. That was almost a death-blow to me.—For weeks I lay deranged, but was at last restored to consciousness and health.

"I soon ascertained that my brother was in possession of the whole property. The loss of the ship in which my sister had sailed was well known and he had given out I had been drowned by the upsetting of a boat, when out fishing. This story was confirmed by the boat being found floating some miles from shore, with her keel uppermost.

"Years passed on, and I had matured a plan of revenge which I thought would gratify my hatred. Through his dissipated life, my brother soon became involved in debt, and I determined to devote with energy, every faculty of mind and body to the acquisition of wealth; intending at some future time to return to Ireland, buy up every demand against him that I could discover, and with the aid of the law, prosecute them with the utmost rigor.

"That would have been sweet revenge. I would have shown no mercy, but rejoiced to see the victim of a brother's hate languish and die, the inmate of some miserable jail.

"Circumstances, not necessary to mention, delayed the final execution of my project; but the last few months have been spent in transferring my property into funds available at a moment's notice.

"My brother was growing old, and I feared that death might anticipate me. This thought harassed me continually, and I became feverishly impatient at any impediment to the accomplishment of my purpose. No doubt my anxiety was visible; and perhaps from my mutterings and exclamations the old woman you have seen divined my object of leaving the country, a step which would disappoint the views which I now have no doubt she entertained of remaining here during my life, and at my death securing all the valuables about the house.

"To carry out her designs it was necessary to detain me here, which she did by administering at times small doses of poison, and finally the larger one which will so soon stop the beating of my heart. Thus has my criminal desire for revenge, and her avarice, brought me to my end."

Here the old man concluded his story, and for a long while spoke not a word. Then turning to the minister he said, "Your words have given me much comfort. Pray with me once more that the erring sinner may find a home with Him who suffered more than man. I am at the close of my life. Oh, that it may be the beginning of a happier one!"

Fervently did the good Mr. W. intercede for the dying man, whose features by degrees appeared lit up with an expression of joyful hope. Before the prayer was ended the spirit had fled, and nought remained with us but a form of clay.

What a lesson is here," said the minister, solemnly; "a life devoted to the prosecution of a sinful object cut off at the moment of its consummation, 'Man proposes, but God disposes.'"

The old man had given directions for his own funeral to the lawyer, who in accordance therewith made the necessary preparations. The tear of the wife, the sister, or the sympathising friend, was wanting. It was, indeed, a dreary burial.

Shortly afterward the housekeeper died in prison, having first made a confession which verified, in every particular, the suspicions of her master.

#### CHAPTER III.

I sat in my office a few days after the funeral, musing on my situation, when the door opened and in walked young Mr. Browning, the son of the gentleman in whose house Lucy held the situation of governess. I had seen him frequently there, and thought him an estimable young man. He had now come to make me his confidant, and to solicit my interposition. In a few words, he loved Lucy, had told her so, and had been rejected. He thought my influence with her was great, and begged me to make use of it in his favor.

What should I do? I reviewed the circumstances of my situation, rapidly. I could not marry her—that was clear. Here was an estimable man who loved her dearly, and would give her such a home as she deserved. It was a delicate matter to broach to a lady, but I thought my long acquaintance, and the confidence reposed in me by her mother, justified me in pressing on her mind the advantages of such a connexion. The result of the conference was a promise to Mr. Browning to use my influence for him.

Perhaps you will say, my dear reader, that I could not be a very ardent lover, thus, with apparent calmness, to talk and think of seeing Lucy married to another. Do not judge hastily! No, the thought was almost death to me; yet I resolved to do that which appeared most for the happiness of her, for whom death would have been a pleasure.

She was alone when I called in the evening; I was excessively agitated, and it was sometime before I became sufficiently master of myself to approach the subject; which I did, at last, as delicately as possible.

Placing before her the estimable character of her suitor, and her own dependent situation, I used every argument I could think of to induce her to accept him. As I concluded she burst into tears. "Oh!" cried she, "I feel the justice of what you say; he is every way worthy of the love of any woman, and I greatly regret that I have excited his admiration, for I cannot return his affection; and never would I give my hand where my heart does not bear it company."

At this reply I must confess to a sensation of delight; but it was checked instantly at the thought perhaps she loves another. I felt that I was going too far, but could not help suggesting my suspicion. She blushed deeply, and gave me one look—why was it? Away flew prudence, friendship, reason, Passion had the mastery. I was at her feet, pouring out the pent up feelings of my soul in words

of burning eloquence, such eloquence as love alone inspires.

Then came the sweet confession from her lips, that I was her heart's chosen one. I trembled with excitement: and my bosom heaved as though it would burst with its intensity of happiness. I could hardly breathe, my emotion was so great; and to calm my laboring breast, rushed from the house.

Directly I felt a hand upon my arm. It was poor Browning. He was the picture of misery; "I do not blame you," said he; "I heard and saw it all, and you did your best in my behalf. May you be happy! I never shall be!"

The next week he started for Europe, where about a year after, he married a charming girl, the niece of one of our ministers.

When reflection came, did I regret what I had done? No! I was possessed of Lucy's love, and I felt a strange incentive to the energetic prosecution of my profession, that I might the sooner be in circumstances to make her mine for ever. I told her of my poverty and my expectations, and the dear girl said "she would willingly, if necessary, wait years, until my means permitted marriage."

One day as I sat in my *sanctum*, reviewing the events of the last few weeks, I received a note endorsed in a lawyer-like hand. I doubted not that it contained a demand for the back rent. This my bill for professional services would not be sufficient to cover; and in dread of the necessary consequences, ejection and the seizure of my person perhaps, I sat looking at the letter for some minutes; but, at last, breaking the seal, I read, to my infinite astonishment and delight, the following, from him who had drawn my old patient's will:

"Dear Sir—It gives me pleasure to state, as administrator to the will of Mr. Brennan, made a few hours before his death, that he has bequeathed to you his whole property, real and personal, which I find is very large; you will please take the necessary steps to enter into possession forthwith.—Accept my congratulations, &c. &c. &c."

I was almost beside myself with joy. Here was I, a rich man; and now I could marry Lucy. That was the only thought in connection with my newly acquired wealth.

I ran to my dear girl at once, to inform her of my good fortune. I told her the whole story; and as I repeated the old man's history she became very much agitated. When I had concluded she enquired his name. "Brennan," answered I—"He was my uncle, my poor mother's brother," said she, the tears starting from her eyes. "I have often heard mother speak of her early history, and of her unnatural brother in Ireland. The vessel in which she took passage was not lost, but, after a tempestuous voyage of many months, she arrived in this country. It is probable that a report of her loss being published, and uncontradicted for a long time my uncle had never heard of her safety; and as mother doubted not but that her brother had been drowned when fishing, it is not strange they never met."

I must bring my story to a conclusion. We were married a month after, by the clergyman I have introduced to you before. The ceremony was entirely private. None knew it, as I had a little conceit in my head, which I wished to carry out.



You must know, dear reader, that Lucy and I had a great many acquaintances in common.—Among them many rumors were in circulation in regard to my newly acquired wealth, and I determined to give an entertainment in order to satisfy their curiosity and celebrate our marriage, which would then for the first time be known publicly.—To carry out this plan I hired, for an evening, a fine large hall, admirably suited for such a purpose, and gave to C. the celebrated caterer, a *carte blanche* to prepare a supper in his best style.

I then issued my cards of invitation to all those with whom I thought an acquaintance desirable.

The appointed evening arrived, and so did most of the appointed guests. Some manifested surprise; others curiosity, but no one suspected the real state of the case. Lucy, of course, was there but apparently, only as the rest; and joined with them in the frequent jests at the *bachelor's* expense.

"Music conversation, dancing and promenading occupied the time until supper was announced.

Ah! that was a splendid sight. C. had added another laurel to his brow. The entertainment was of the most magnificent description. Nothing was wanting—all was perfect.

The good things were dispatched with a relish; and having done justice to the edibles, one of the gentlemen rose to propose my health. Of course I had to reply. Here is my speech on the occasion:

"My dear friends, whatever pleasure I have been able to afford you this evening is more than compensated for, in your responding so heartily to my invitation. Perhaps you have some natural curiosity to know the occasion of this gathering.—If so, I will tell you. I have lately come into the possession of considerable wealth, and I desire to have you sympathize with me in my good fortune.

"That wealth does not consist altogether in real estate, or bank stock, or government securities, but"—and here I took Lucy by the hand, and, raising her up, continued—"in the possession of a charming little wife. I now beg to present to you your old acquaintance, Lucy Butler, now Mrs. Lemuel Lawson."

Such shouts, such congratulations as were given them were never before heard. Lucy was a great favorite, and as they all crowded around to salute the bride, and offer her their best wishes, some amusing mistakes were made. Gentlemen in their excitement kissed the ladies; and ladies hugged the gentlemen. It was a night never to be forgotten by those who participated with us.

Here is the end of the story of the Lucky Doctor: a *soubriquet* given me by my friends, not on account of my wealth but because I am the happy husband of Lucy Butler.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.  
PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.  
BY MRS. L. A. BROCKSBANK.

"Well!—truly, how ridiculous!" exclaimed Emily Weston, as she threw down the novel she had been reading, for the last two hours, "there goes Jessie Vinton across the street, with her sleeves tucked up—and would you believe it, mamma? a checked apron on! and to crown the whole, there sits Dr. Allen at the window, and he will surely see her."

"And, if he does—what then?" muttered Fred Weston looking up from a great leather-bound volume that lay open before him, "he will only get a glimpse of a face that will haunt his dreams for a month to come."

"What did you say brother?" enquired Emily, with a slight contraction of the brow.

"That Jessie Vinton is the prettiest girl in town" and Fred's dark eyes again rested upon the black book, while his handsome features assumed a droll expression of mingled mirth and mock gravity.

"Jessie is not so mindful of the laws of etiquette, as you are, my love," replied Mrs. Weston, "doubtless some wild scheme just then entered her head, and without giving the subject of dress a thought, she left her bowl of half-beaten eggs, to go and impart the bright idea to her friend Lucy Allen."

"No! mamma,—I just now saw Lucy come to the window and beckon with her hand to some one Jessie, of course; but I do wonder that an accomplished young lady of her standing and expectations should stoop to make a friend and confidant of a poor mechanic's daughter."

"And why not? sister, Lucy's father was once a poor student, who was obliged to saw wood in order to obtain the means of defraying his expenses while at college—and moreover—"

"Go on brother,"

"Our Grandfather was a cabinet maker." Mrs. Weston, saw the dark frown that sat upon her daughter's brow, but she appeared not to observe it as she replied.

"Honest poverty is not to be despised, my daughter, and I would rather that a child of mine, were united to an *honest* artisan, than a royal *knave*." Jessie Vinton appears to me to be a most amiable young person, and she must be a great comfort, and assistant to her widowed mother; what would my Emily be good for, placed in the same situation?" and Mrs. Weston, gave a glance at once affectionate and reproachful upon her daughter.

"Oh! I could not make puddings, and pies—perhaps;—nor scold that little ebony maid-of-all work gracefully, but I could *marry*, mamma; I would marry this rich young Doctor over the way."

And Emily laughed as gaily, as though that idea had now, for the first time entered her head.

"But hark!—do you not hear music?—now I understand it all;—'tis the new piano, the Doctor's present to his sister on her sixteenth birth-day, and Jessie must hear the fine music; of course, truly Lucy deserves great credit for her wise selection of associates."

"Lucy Allen might look far for a friend me-thinks, to find one more true or *lovely*," muttered Fred, turning over the leaves rather faster than was necessary."

"It is quite evident that you were destined for a *lawyer*," replied Emily "from your correctness of judgement, and remarkable powers of discernment."

"I do—I acknowledge, pride myself, somewhat upon those very qualities, my sweet sister; in the first place, then, you must be aware, that even a lovely landscape may be seen to *disadvantage*; scenes will vary and present different aspects when viewed from different points of observation, for which (as Chaplain Cattle would say) overhaul your chatechism, and when found make a note on."

"Pray what are you saying?—I am not familiar

with the language of those musty old books of yours, as black as the art they teach."

"Simply this sister; were Jessie Vinton as *rich* as she is beautiful—proud—and *elegantly indolent* and had she withal an interesting *bachelor brother*, with a fine fortune of his own—under such circumstances, I say, even my pretty sister Emily would not scorn the friendship of Jessie Vinton."

"Mama, truly! I fear that our Fred is verging upon insanity—*deep thinking* has evidently deranged his intellect, do you hear? he imagines himself pleading the cause of some unfortunate client." And Emily strove to conceal her vexation by a merry laugh; "but see!—there she comes! with her checked apron gathered up evidently laden with something precious, look! Fred—view your protege, from the present point of observation."

"Ah! see her little dimpled hand—and round white arm," said her brother mischievously—and those red lips—how tempting!"

"And the *checked apron*, brother," added Emily unable to suppress her indignation.

"My daughter, do not again allude to the subject of her dress—try, to admire the good qualities of people without so much criticism upon a point so insignificant."

"Insignificant!" pardon me mama—"but were I for instance, to dress like Jessie Vinton, what remarks it would occasion."

"Those who would be the *first* to make remarks—would be the *last* whose good opinion I should covet," replied Fred, somewhat testily."

"You must consider, my love," continued Mrs. Weston, "the propriety of dressing according to our means, it would be equally absurd, for you to adopt, her style of dress—or for her to imitate yours, though I must say that I think a plainer attire, would become you better my love; Mrs. Vinton, you are aware is a poor widow, and though fitted by birth and education to shine in the most select circles, in which had she a desire to mingle, her means would scarce permit. Surely no sensible person will respect the mother, or admire the daughter less, because they refuse to sacrifice their little all, at the shrine of fashion. And certainly nothing can be more contemptible, than the desire to ape the 'ton' in either male or female. Many there are who live beyond their means, for the sole purpose of making a display, and of being thought rich, when, if the truth were known, their wealth would prove to be as imaginary as the halo around the brow of the false deity they worship. Aside from the opinion of the fashionable world, I am certain my daughter would not esteem Jessie Vinton the more, knowing that she was ashamed of her poverty—or that she had changed her dress through fear of being detected at her domestic duties."

"Or through the hope of finding favor in the eyes of that handsome young Doctor over the way, for whose speedy capture so many caps are setting," chimed in the embryo Judge, "but come sister, no frowning, or he will fail to recognize the pretty coaxing phiz, which has peeped so slyly, at his study window all day, when he shall meet it at the party this evening."

"My son!—my son!" exclaimed Mrs. Weston, not knowing whether to chide or to laugh, "your jesting is too severe."

The indignant beauty, threw down her book, in high dudgeon angry with her brother, herself,

every one in general, and with Jessie Vinton in particular.

"The prettiest girl in town!"—indeed master Fred!" muttered the wrathful belle, as she trotted her little foot in vexation, "I never new a sprig of the law yet, who did not lack either wit or honesty, fortunately your weakness appears to be about the region of the heart—you may reach the Judge's bench, but you are no judge of beauty."

"What now?—sister mine, I fancied I heard my own name in the course of your soliloquy," said Fred, who fearing he had offended one whom he so dearly loved, had followed her in order to make his peace again.

"Ah! listener—you remind me of a certain personage, who is said to be ever present at the mention of his own name."

"His stay would be short, methinks, if he feared the flashing of—beauty's eyes, come give me a kiss, sister, and I will go to my books again."

"Not I, indeed! how do I know who might get it before the rising of to-morrow's sun?"

"I will promise on the honor of a lawyer, to send it direct to Doctor Charley, through the kindness of Jessie Vinton." If Fred had not known the precise weight of that soft little hand of hers, he might have stayed to determine, but as an open window afforded a most favorable opening for a speedy exit, he took an immediate departure.

"Stay brother," exclaimed Emily, "I have a mission for you."

"Command me sister."

"For this evening then, I want a bouquet, a splendid one, and, do you hear?—a white japonica for my hair; will you procure me these, before seven?"

"I will try."

"And promise also, that you will not reserve all the half blow roses for Jes"—but Fred had disappeared. "The rogue!—the thief!—he will surely do what I forbade—how thoughtless in me to remind him of it; but I would as soon shake hands with a barber, as to carry a bouquet were she also to have one—the chit! I am astonished that Lucy should invite her to the party, but I for one, am determined not take the least notice of her, the entire evening; the prettiest girl in town, indeed! But here comes little cross-eyed Katie with my dress. Fred shall not see it, until evening, then side, by side, with his Beauty, he may make his own comparisons—but men take odd fancies—there is no accounting for them."

The widow Vinton was engaged in refitting a dress for her daughter to wear to the party. It was her own wedding dress, a richly embroidered muslin wrought by her own youthful fingers, and trimmed with costly lace which composed a part of her own mother's bridal robe. And many a tear had gemmed her lashes since she had been engaged at her task. She thought of the time when those delicate folds veiled her own joyous bosom—when sorrow had been a stranger to her heart, and friends near and dear had clustered round. She thought too of that sad hour, when her bosom companion, was torn from her side by the angel of Death, leaving her lone and destitute, save the little one at her breast, whose presence seemed the only tie that connected her with earth, and the only ballast that stayed her soul from its upward flight. She remembered that the friends of her prosperity like the stars on a cloudless night, beamed for a season,

lighting up her misery, without warming her heart, then one, by one, they faded from view, as cloud after cloud, obscured the horizon of her existence, till scarce a sympathetic glance was known to shed its cheering light within her solitary, but happy home. Happy as the abode of piety and resignation, happy in the presence of a bright and lovely daughter whose young heart beat for her dear mother alone. Having herself received a good education—her only dowry, she was thereby enabled to instruct her little daughter at home, and this was the secret of the child's sweet and artless manners—so rarely seen in these latter days of high schools, high spirits, and high tempers. No wonder then that the tears gathered in her eyes, as she prepared, from the sad relic of her brighter days, a dress for her destitute child; no wonder that her heart was sad as she thought of the temptations, hopes, disappointments, and sorrows, that awaited her unprotected child in the by-paths of life.

"Mama?" exclaimed Jessie, who came tripping into the room, her bright face radiant with happiness, "mama, I have so much to tell you;—and just look here; see these beautiful shells, this Lucy told me, came from—I have forgotten where but look mama, did you see anything so lovely as the delicate red, and now put it to your ear, listen! would not you imagine a fairy of the ocean to be nestling within that rosy cell, murmuring, and sighing to return to its home among the coral caves? Mama, why is every one so kind to me?—can you tell?"

"Because my daughter is so kind to every one, perhaps, but what have you to tell me, love?"

"Well, I hardly know where to commence, but Lucy's brother Charles has returned you know, and such beautiful presents as he has brought to his sister—mama you cannot imagine—there is that beautiful piano, with a pile of new music so high; then such a love of a dress, which he purchased at the great store in Broadway; Stewart's, I believe; and gave for it: I have forgotten how much; but more money than I ever saw at once—but ah! it is beautiful! pearl-colored silk—mama, embroidered at the bottom, with silks of every shade—see, mama—so deep! and then a gold chain, and locket containing a miniature, of himself—Oh! it is so pretty!"

"Which, my child, the chain or miniature?"

"The picture mama—I should prefer that to all her other beautiful presents. The eyes are black, mama, and seem to be looking right into one's heart, and the lips almost speak mama, I wish I had a brother, just such a brother as Lucy has."

"Mrs. Vinton fixed her eyes upon her daughter's sweet guileless face, then indulged in a merry—joyous laugh, such a laugh as had not animated her fair, but care-worn features, since her lips, had pressed the cold brow of her departed husband. From the dews of Death they had received the seal of sadness which had seemed till now, no more to be removed. Jessie started from the reverie into which she had unconsciously fallen as the first aspiration agitated her bosom, which she felt could not be realized and throwing her arms around her mother's neck, almost stifled her with kisses; little guessing the thoughts that had provoked that long forgotten laugh.

"Hush! a knock! run to the door Jessie." But the little ebony Phillis was before her, and

appeared anon, with a bouquet of beautiful exotics, held at arms length, exclaiming while her eyes seemed to vie with her teeth in whiteness.

"Look-a-here, Miss Winton,—see dat!—real flowers!—for Miss Jessie I spose, but I is not a gwine to tell who brung-em, cause why I don't knows yah! yah!"

"The cloud disappeared muttering as she went, "I thought so;—I knowed as how it was'n't weak eyes, as brought him to the window so much, his heart is weak—not his eyes—they are affected but not by hard study, I reckon, yah, yah."

[Concluded in our next.]

## BIOGRAPHY.

### SAMUEL FINLEY BREEZE MORSE.

"FRANKLIN drew the lightning from Heaven, but Morse gave it a voice," was the eloquent remark of one, who with others, gloried in claiming this celebrated professor as an American, whose name shall go down to posterity, as the founder of a new era in the transmission of intelligence. And truly, when the nations shall converse across their oceans and the winged words shall fly to the ends of the earth, uniting the whole human race in a circle of knowledge, conveyed in "one language and one speech," then shall the name of Morse be recorded, when those of heroes and emperors shall have been lost in the vortex of revolutions.

Prof. Morse was born on the 27th day of September, 1791, at Bunker Hill Charlestown, Massachusetts—the great battle ground, famous forever in the annals of our country. He is the son of the late Jedediah Morse, the father of American geography, and the great-grand-son of the Rev. Dr. Samuel Finley, President of Princeton college, New Jersey. He was educated at Yale college, where he graduated in 1810.

In the following year he went to London, to cultivate a taste which he had acquired for the fine arts. He resided there for four years, and was a pupil of those distinguished masters, Washington Allston and Benjamin West. During this period he produced many choice paintings, and received a gold medal for the best specimen of sculpture. The subject was the Dying Hercules. This was his first effort in sculpture. At the same time he had several paintings in the Royal Exhibition.

In 1815, Mr. Morse returned to his native country, and occupied his time for seven or eight years, chiefly at the south, as a portrait painter. But higher honors awaited him. In 1824, or 1825, he was the prime mover and getter up of the National Academy of Design, of which we have just reason to be proud.

In 1829, the subject of our sketch again visited the old world, and remained in Italy and France, pursuing his studies in the fine arts, until 1832. During a considerable portion of this time, he resided in Rome, Florence and Venice. He returned from Havre to America, in the packet ship Sully, and on his passage his active mind conceived the idea of the electro-magnetic telegraph.

All the telegraphs in Europe, which are practicable, are based on a different principle, and without an exception, were invented subsequently to his. Says Prof. Morse, in a letter to Stephen Vail, Esq:

"The thought occurred to me in general conversation with the passengers. I ought perhaps to say, that the conception of the idea of an electric



telegraph, was original with me at the time, and I suppose that I was the first that ever associated the two ideas together. Nor was it until my invention was completed, and had been successfully operated through ten miles, that I for the first time, learned that the idea of an electric telegraph had been conceived by another. To me it was original and its total dissimilarity to all the inventions, and even the suggestions from others, may be thus accounted for. I had not the remotest hint from others, till my whole invention was in successful operation."

The claims of Prof. Morse are now universally acknowledged, and at a very recent meeting of the British Association for the Promotion of Science, Sir Robert Inglis, the president elect admitted that to the United State belongs the honor of having first successfully introduced the electric telegraph.

The personal appearance of Prof. Morse bespeaks the philosopher. He is tall and slender, has an intellectual forehead, and the snows of time have slightly sprinkled his hair. A more unassuming man cannot be found; and, had it not been for his extreme modesty, congress would have employed him to construct the first experimental line, between Washington and Baltimore, at a much earlier period than they did.

He is not a man of ordinary mould, for were we to deprive him of his imperishable honors as the discoverer of the telegraph, we must, as an artist, still place him high on the pedestal of fame.

## MISCELLANY.

### THE HABIT OF READING

Young men should always cultivate a habit of reading for it may be to them, not only the means of information, but the perennial source of many of the finest and highest enjoyments of life. They who make good books their constant companion, will never want good and faithful friends in their prosperous days, or their seasons of reverse. There can be no blank in the lives of those persons, who, from active love, hold daily fellowship with the wisest and best of the race. We think we could hardly be tempted to exchange our habit of reading for any other friend it may be our fortune to find on earth. And we are sure that any young man who will make this habit his friend, will ever esteem it among the wisest steps of his life; and so we counsel the young, from our own experience, among all their getting in this world to get the habit, the love of reading,—and always to have at hand a good book with which to fill up every leisure hour. In this way they may come at last to know that the gems of life are found in its waste places.

### SELF-MADE MEN.

"If you are to be an exception," said Mr. Crabbe to his young friend, "you will be the first in all my observation and experience. You may take the whole population of Maryland, and select from it 50 men, who are most distinguished for talents, or any description of public usefulness, and I will answer for it, they are all every one of them, men who began the world without a dollar. Look into the public councils of the nation, and who are they that take the lead there? They are men who made their own fortunes—self-made men, who began with nothing. The rule is universal. It per-

vades our Courts, State and Federal, from the highest to the lowest. It is true of all the professions. It is so now; it has been so at any time since I have known the public men of this State or the nation; and it will be so while our present institutions continue. You must throw a man upon his own resources to bring him out. The struggle which is to result in eminence is too arduous, and must be continued too long, to be encountered and maintained voluntarily, or unless as a matter of life and death. He who has fortune to fall back upon will soon slacken from his efforts, and finally retire from the competition. With me it is a question whether it is desirable that a parent should leave his son any property at all. You will have a large fortune, and I am sorry for it, as it will be the spoiling of a good lawyer. These are my deliberate sentiments, and I shall be rejoiced to find, in your instance, I shall be mistaken."

AN HONEST BOY.—That "honesty is the best policy," was illustrated some years since under the following circumstances, detailed in the Rochester Democrat. A lad was proceeding to an uncle's to petition for aid for a sick sister and her children, when he found a wallet containing fifty dollars. The aid was refused, and the distressed family was pinched for want. The boy revealed the fortune to his mother, but expressed a doubt about using any portion of the money. His mother confirmed the resolution, the pocket book was advertised, and the owner found. Being a man of wealth, upon learning the honesty of the family, he presented the fifty dollars to the sick mother, and took the boy into his service, and he is now one of the most successful merchants in Ohio. Honesty always brings its reward—to the mind, if not to the pocket.

### HEAR!—HEAR!

SHERIDAN once succeeded admirably in entrapping a noisy member, who was in the habit of interrupting every speaker with cries of "hear! hear!" Brinsley took an opportunity to allude to a well-known political character of the time, who wished to play the rogue, but had only sense enough to play the fool. "Where," exclaimed Sheridan, in continuation, and with great emphasis, "where shall we find a more foolish knave, or a more knavish fool than this?" "Hear! hear!" was bellowed from the accustomed bench. The wit bowed, thanked the gentleman for his ready reply to the question and sat down, amid convulsions of laughter, from all but the unfortunate subject.

CLERICAL JOKE.—At a meeting of the church the pastor gave out the hymn commencing with "I love to steal awhile away," when the chorister commenced singing, but owing to some difficulty in recollecting the tune, could not proceed farther than "I love to steal" which he did three or four times in succession, when the clergyman in order to relieve him from the dilemma, waggishly remarked that it was "very much to be regretted," and added "let us pray."

DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.—"I once met on the sea-shore," said the eastern poet Sadi, "a pious man who had been attacked by a tiger, and was horribly mutilated—He was dying, and suffering

dreadful agonies. Nevertheless his features were calm and serene, and his physical pains seemed to be vanquished by the purity of his soul, 'Great God,' said he, 'I thank thee, that I am only suffering from the fangs of the tiger and not from remorse.'"

INTOXICATING DRINKS.—"The habit of using ardent spirits by men in office, has occasioned more injury to the public, and more trouble to me, than all other causes. And were I to commence my administration again, with the experience I now have, the first question I would ask respecting a candidate would be, Does he use ardent spirits?" —Thomas Jefferson.

A MAN on being told by a generous farmer that he would give him a barrel of cider, asked the farmer if he would bring it to his house. "Certainly," replied the farmer, "with pleasure." "Well," said the grateful man, "what will you pay me for the barrel when the cider is gone?"

## The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1848.

### GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, for January, is before us arrayed in a garland of flowers. Its embellishments are numerous and exquisite. The Dawn of Love and the Tableaux of Life cannot be surpassed. The Equestrian Fashion plate, and the Model Cottages, render the book, if possible, more valuable. Its pages are filled as usual, with the most interesting and useful matter. Grace Greenwood has become one of its editors, who with the assistance of its former ones, will shortly bring this magazine to the highest degree of perfection. She contributes to this number as well as Miss Leslie, Mrs. Hale, T. S. Arthur and others. The Music is far superior to that of any other Magazine. Any one sending \$3.00 to L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, will receive the Lady's Book, and the Lady's Dollar Newspaper for one year. It would be well to subscribe early, as many were disappointed in not receiving the first numbers of last year.

### Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

M. J. B. Stephentown, N. Y. \$1.00; S. P. Allen's Hill, N. Y. \$1.00; E. V. A. Valatie, N. Y. \$4.00; P. M. Sempronius, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Fulton, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Reed's Corners, N. Y. \$1.00; Miss F. Mabbettville, N. Y. \$0.62½; J. B. Groveland, Mich. \$1.00; P. M. Cedarville, N. Y. \$5.00; M. D. Southville, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. East Lansing, N. Y. \$4.00; Miss S. S. West Greenfield, N. Y. \$1.00; K. D. Portville, N. Y. \$1.00; B. F. C. Rosendale, Wis. \$5.00; W. H. H. C. Westville, N. Y. \$4.00; P. G. V. V. Pleasant Plains, N. Y. \$3.00; C. B. H. Fulton, N. Y. \$2.00; I. S. Lawrenceville, N. Y. \$1.00; E. S. B. Crown Point, N. Y. \$4.00.

### MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 3d inst. by the Rev. Henry Darling, Mr. Thomas Jefferson O'Connor, of Stockport, to Miss Georgianna Bullock, of this city.

On the 16th ult. at the residence of D. W. Gantley, Athens, by the Rev. Mr. Cornell, Calvin Burr, to Julia A. daughter of F. Hosmer, Esq.

At Wilmington Del. on the 20th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Van Deusen, William H. Fleming, of Greenport, Col. Co. N. Y. to Miss Caroline B. Lisle, of the former place.

At Stuyvesant Falls, on the 18th ult. by the Rev. John C. Van Dervoort, Mr. John C. Van Hoesen, of Catskill, to Miss Mary Ann, daughter of John Talmage of Stockport.

### DEATHS.

In this city on the 28th ult. John Lott, in his 61st year.

On the 29th ult. Jacob Kells, in his 30th year.

On the 30th ult. Mary Ann Cook, aged 26 years.

At Hillsdale, on the 28th ult. John B. Moore, in the 23d year of his age.

At Chatham 4 Corners, Mrs. Helen Pratt, wife of Stephen G. Bushnell, aged 23 years.

In Kinderhook, on the 19th ult. Mrs. Anna Barthrop, widow of Dr. William Barthrop, in the 78th year of her age.



## Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

## TWILIGHT REFLECTIONS.

BY AARON DE LANO.

WHEN life, with all its cares, is o'er,  
And I am seen on earth no more,  
O let not o'er my humble grave,  
The branches of the willow wave;  
Or beauteous flow'rets, bright and fair,  
E'er spread their fragrant blossoms there.

Let no pale marble raise its head  
Above my dark and lonely bed;  
Or proudly sculptured stone proclaim  
My age, or residence, or name;  
Or ought be found, from which to trace  
My last, long, silent resting place.

Far in some lone, sequestered dale—  
Some undisturbed and quiet vale,  
Unconscious of life's varied woes,  
Peaceful and calm let me repose  
Unwept, unnoticed and alone—  
The humble spot unmarked, unknown.

Maine Village, N. Y.

From Neal's Saturday Gazette.

## EMERETTE.

BY BARRY GRAY.

It was evening, and the moonlight rested on the frozen ground,  
And the lake was locked in silence, in a chrystal casket bound.

While the leafless trees like spectres, moved their shadows  
on its breast;

As the breeze in mournful cadence told the story of their rest—

Near I stood beside a willow, listening to the viewless wind,  
That was whispering all unbidden tales unto my simple mind.

For the forest trees were dreaming, and their voice stole slowly  
by,

In the language nature gave them,—in the music of the sky.

They were telling of the summer, when the sunshine warm  
and bright,

Gleaming through their waving branches, bathed their trunks  
in golden light.

When their leaves like modest maidens, trembled as the  
shadows fell,

While they hearkened still on tiptoe to the distant village bell.

When the brooklet, as it wandered through the mazes of the  
the wood,

Wooded the flower with gentle murmur, that beside its low  
bank stood.

When the robin's home-born music, and the cat-bird's piercing  
cry,

Fell alike upon the school-boy as he idly rambled by.

When the angler by the brooklet, seated on the mossy stone,  
Through the lengthened hours listened to the wild bee's  
drowsy tone.

When all nature robed in beauty lay before them in its light,  
Seemed the earth a pleasant garden, decked with flowers gay  
and bright.

Thus of summer did they whisper to each other on the wind,  
And they told sweet tales together, in a voice so low and  
kind.

One that in my heart I treasure, as a story that is true,  
Floated on my mind in beauty, as a cloudlet o'er the blue.

'Tis the tale of two young lovers, who beside the fountain  
wooded;  
How the youth with words of kindness won the maiden to  
his mood.

He a student from the city, free from study for a time,  
Seeking 'mid the woods and flowers, fancies which to weave  
in rhyme.

She a simple village-maiden, with an air of careless grace,  
And a joy forever beaming in her laughing sun-burnt face.

It was in the early morning that beside the spring they met,  
Where they first looked on each other—student Charles and  
Emerette.

There he filled her urn with water, from the fountain gushing  
o'er,

Then beside her through the meadow, bore it to her cottage  
door.

And he spake kind words unto her, that upon her heart did  
come,

Like the sound of dropping water mingling with the young  
bee's hum.

And he pressed her hand at parting, while he gazed into her  
eyes,

Which before his loving glances shrouded like the sun-set  
skies.

From that morn, the maid and student might be seen at twi-  
light time,

Seated by the babbling fountain, weaving garlands, weaving  
rhyme.

Flower wreaths of beauteous texture round her lover's brow  
she twined,

While he wove for her love garlands, treasures of his poet  
mind.

Thus they lingered by the fountain, lingered till the shadows  
grew,

Spreading o'er in solemn stillness like a cloud of sombre hue.

On one eve as twilight deepened, and the kindly stars 'gan  
gleam—

Came his voice upon her spirit, like the music of a dream.

While his hand with gentle pressure sought to linger in her  
own;

And around her yielding person was his arm in kindness  
thrown.

Then he whispered how he loved her, how he sought her  
heart in truth;

But no answer gave the maiden to the soul-words of the youth.

Yet her hand within his lingered—yet her form was gently  
pressed;

Only rose a half-formed murmur from her rapid heaving  
breast.

But his lips had sought the maiden's, and their eyes in love-  
light met;

Then he knew that he had won her—won the heart of Emer-  
ette.

## TO MY FIRST GRAY HAIR.

GRAY hair aye! I'm in my prime,  
And will not have thee coming now,  
Tormenting me before my time;  
So leave my brow.

Am I, when only twenty-two,  
And feeling younger every day,  
To be disturbed by such as you?  
Begone I say:—

I'll pluck thee from thy stolen lair;  
And then no horrid gray shall mix  
With my beloved cherished hair,  
'Till fifty-six!

But if I pluck thee, more will grow;  
One every day to say the least:  
Gray hair! thou art a fearful foe,—  
A hideous beast!

I'm not as yet among the rocks,  
And quicksands of this mortal life;  
And yet there's gray among my locks;  
I'll take a wife;

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